



Micheal



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Chapter 1 by Elizabeth

Michael sat there pondering on what he just did. Those brutal images went through his head. Blood splattered on the wall, the sounds of bones being crushed, and the screams. He couldn't be snapped back into reality. He had focused on this matter too much. Michael was too focused on his next victim to realize the algebra problems being written on the board. He saw Maddy at the front of the classroom laughing. Then, there was Matt, Matt always made him mad. He never realized how happy, excited, and eager this made him. Michael finally made up his mind, Matt, he knew Matt would deserve it. Matt would know that himself, he bullied 11th graders because of his 12th grade status. He has made over 200 kids commit suicide and got away with it. He's like Michael, but he doesn't mean to. Michael wants to end their pain to keep them from feeling the rest of the world crumble. Michael and his family know that the "Evaporation" was soon to happen. They decided they needed to get used to drinking blood before they need to. Their ancestors predicted it would happen, but everyone thought it was crazy old people talk. When the "Evaporation" would happen all the water would evaporate. All the water from water bottles, soft drinks, and other drinks with water. All that would be left was sugary drinks, basically "diabetes in a can".

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mirror. Michael pulled out his knife and pressed his finger to his lips. He slowly walked towards Matt, he got close enough to slit his throat. He swung his knife and it sliced Matt's throat he watch as Matt choked on his own blood. Michael felt proud he saved Matt from himself, but most of all he loved that the last thing Matt saw was his face. He fell into the deep dark sleep with the picture of Michael's evil grin, fading slowly. Michael knew this would be his last victim he would be caught with blood on his jacket and hands. He had a knife and Matt had been slit in the throat. Michael maybe crazy, but he sure is smart. He walked out of the bathroom, knife in hand everyone staring. Michael walked out of the doors, police lights flashing. He had 30 counts of first-degree murder.

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